

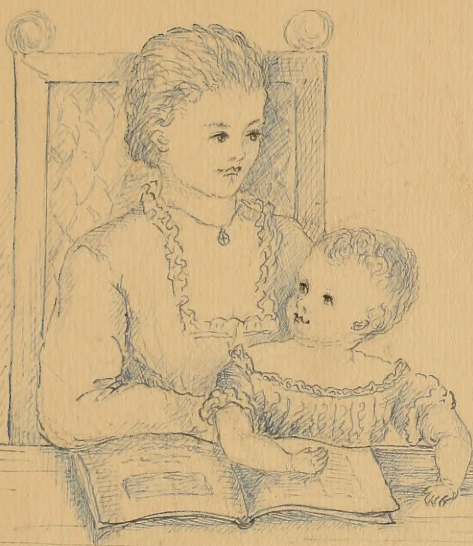






Nursery  
Rhymes, Songs  
and Jingles.





Little Evelyn's

Picture


Book .

From Aunt Margie .



ms. g. 7041





" **L**ittle **B**oy **B**lue ,

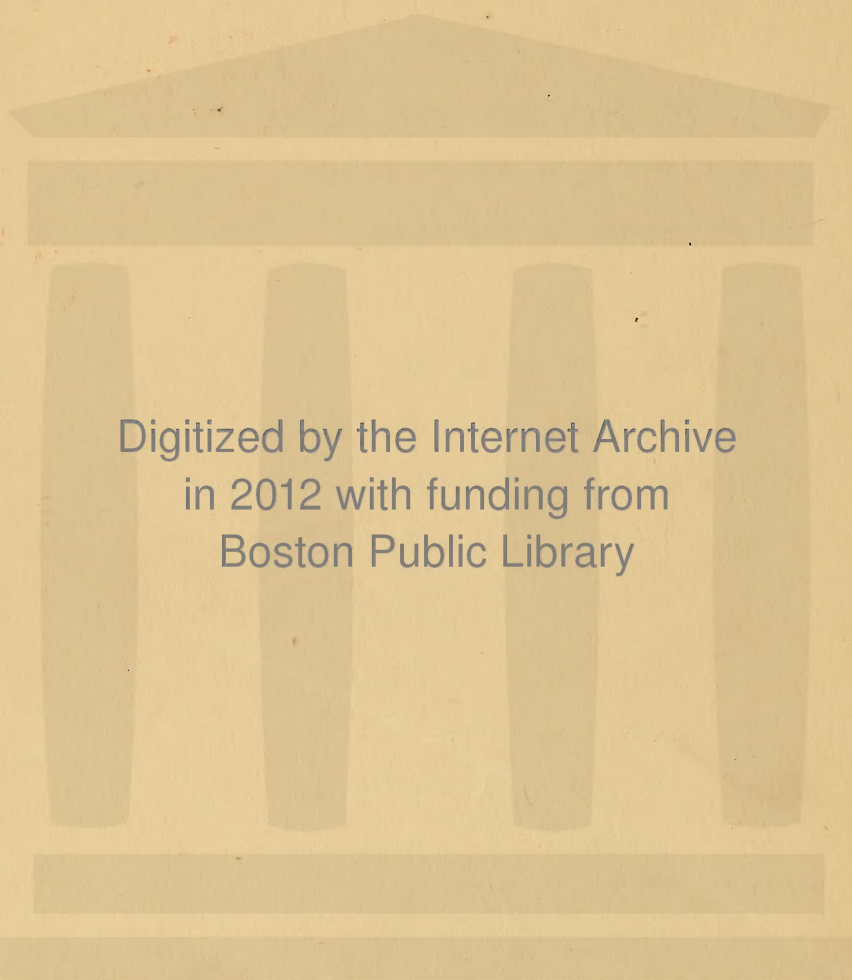
**C**ome blow me your horn,  
The sheep's in the meadow,  
The cow's in the corn. "

" **W**here's the little boy,  
**W**ho looks after the sheep? "

" **H**e's under a haycock,  
**F**ast asleep! "



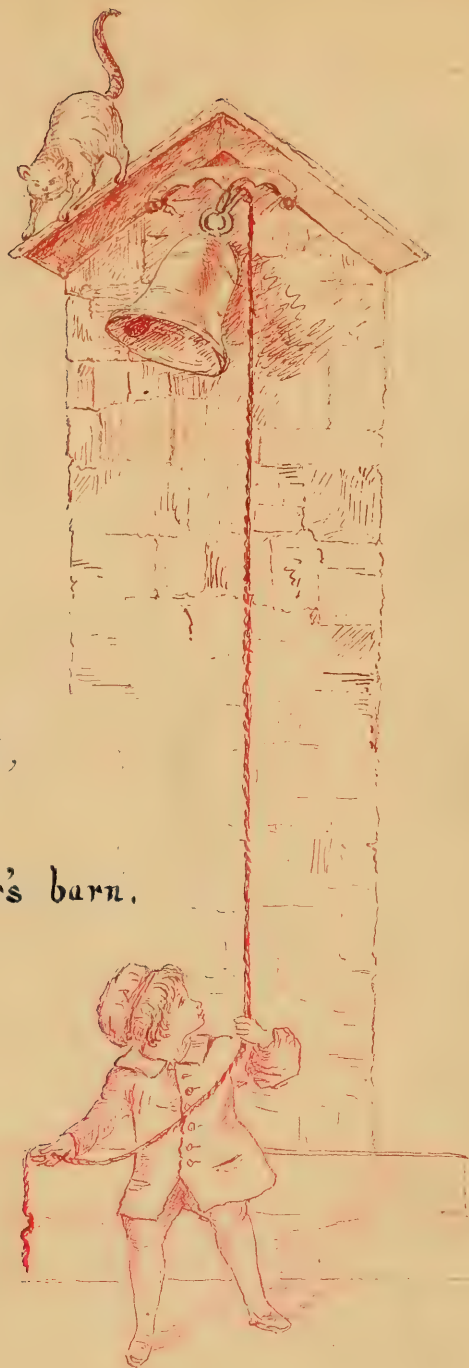




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<http://archive.org/details/littleevelynspic00marg>

Ding Dong Bell,  
Pussy's in the well;  
Who put her in?  
Little Johny Thin!  
Who pulled her out?  
Little Johny Stout!  
What a naughty boy was that,  
To try to drown poor Pussy-cat,  
That never did him any harm,  
But kill'd the mice in his father's barn.







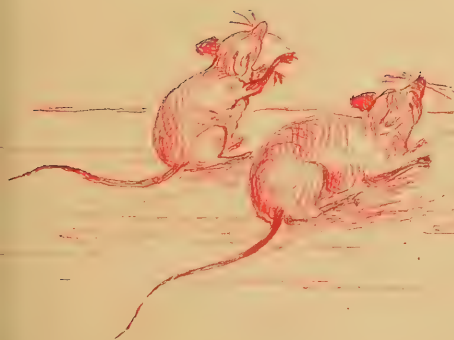
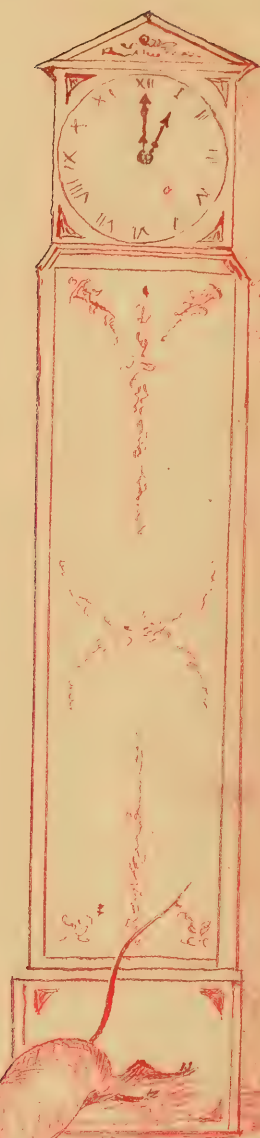
"Dickety, Dickety, Dock!"

The mouse ran up the clock;

The clock struck One,

The mouse ran down.

Dickety, Dickety, Dock! "







The north wind doth blow,  
And we shall have snow,  
And what will poor Robin do then.  
Poor thing!



He'll sit in a barn,  
And keep himself warm,  
And hide his head  
Under his wing,  
Poor thing!

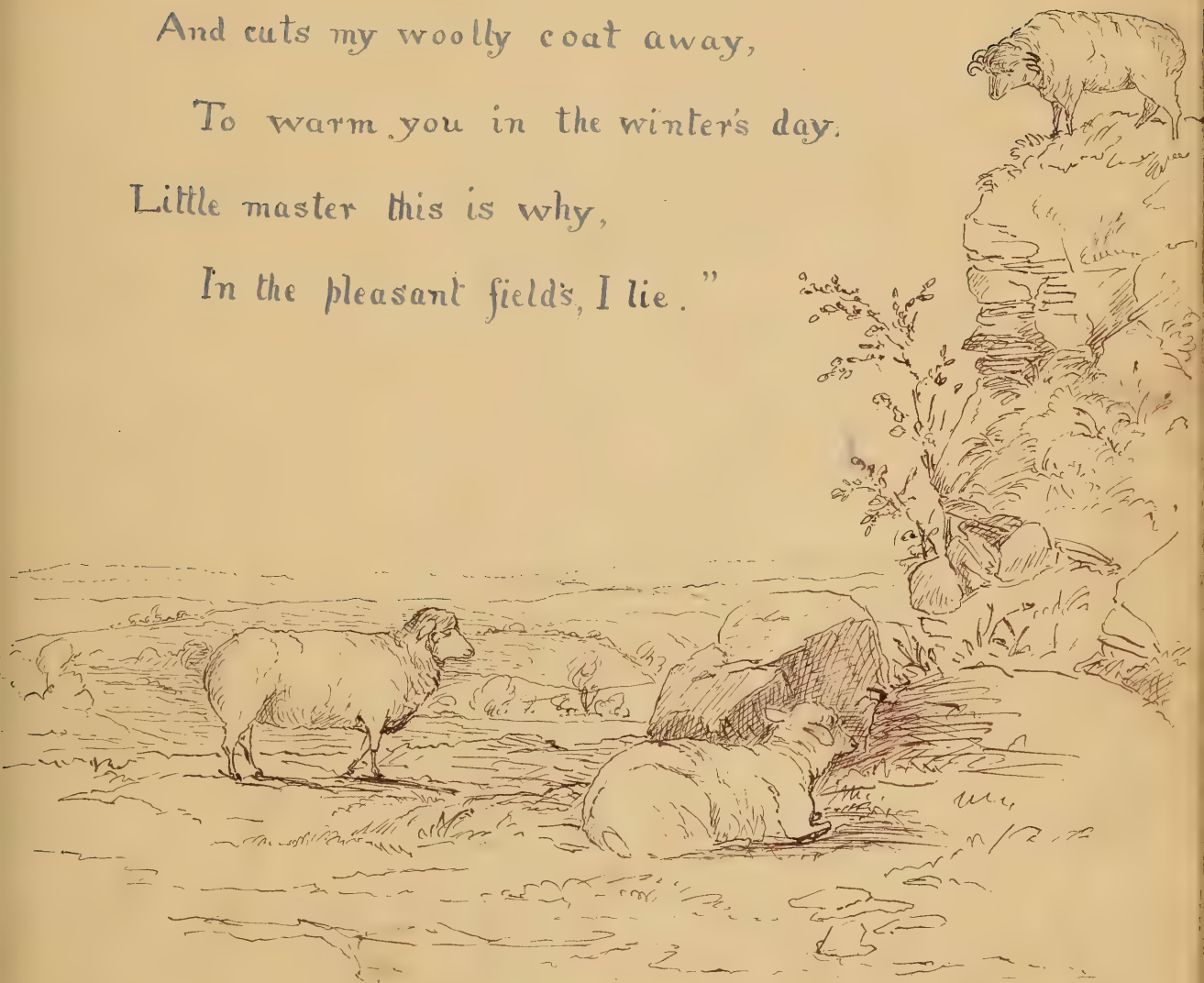




"Lazy Sheep, pray tell me why,  
In the pleasant fields you lie,  
Eating grass and daisies white,  
From the morning to the night?  
Everything can something do.  
But what kind of use are you?"

"Nay, my little master, nay!  
Do not serve me so, I pray.  
Don't you see the wool that grows,  
On my back to make you clothes?  
Cold, so very cold you'd be,  
If you had no wool from me."

"Then the farmer comes at last,  
When the merry spring is past,  
And cuts my woolly coat away,  
To warm you in the winter's day.  
Little master this is why,  
In the pleasant fields, I lie."







"Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat where have you been?"

"I've been to London, to see the Queen!"

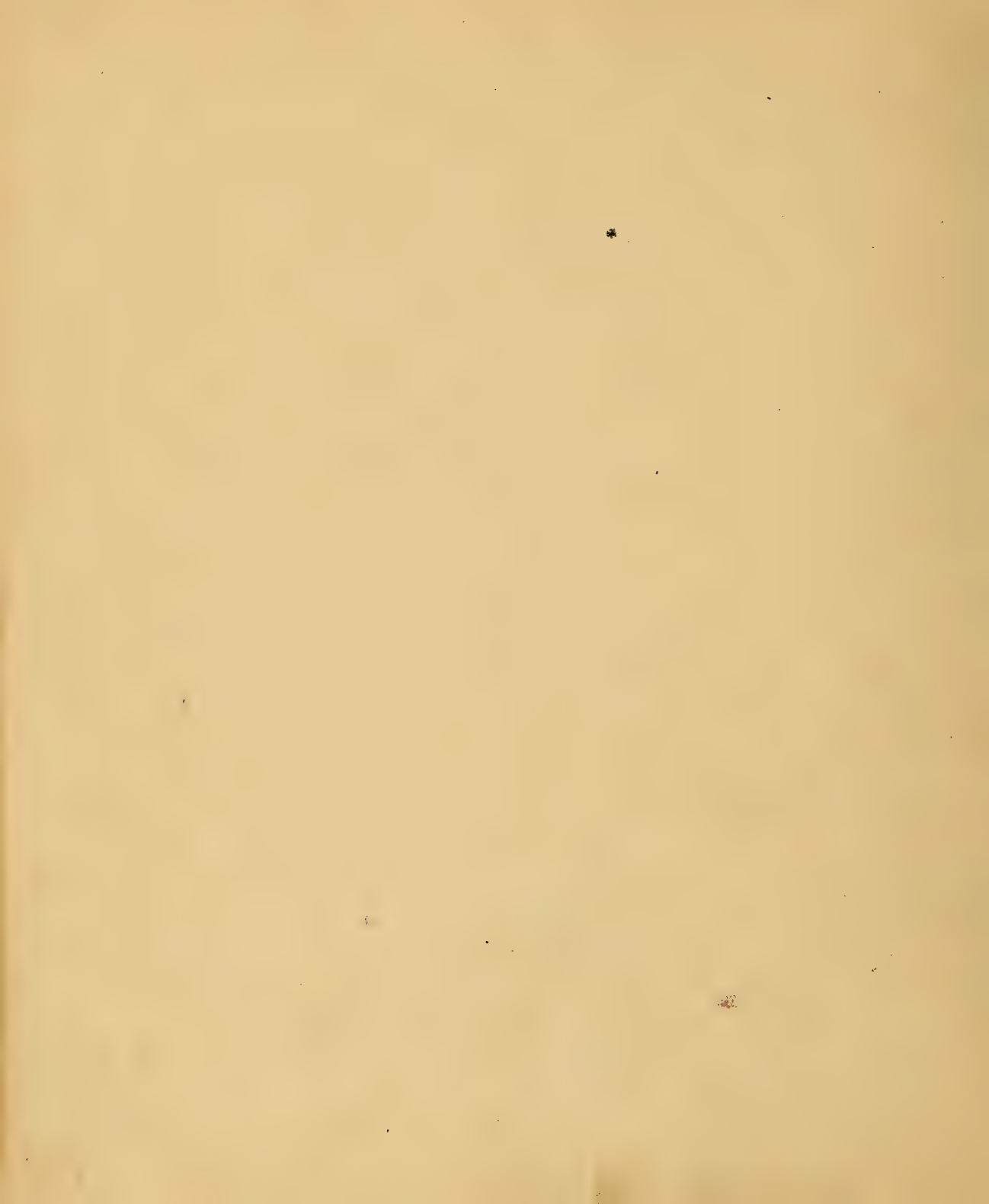
"Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat what did you there?"

"I frighten'd a little mouse

Under the chair!"







There was an old woman, who lived in a shoe,  
She had so many children she didn't know  
what to do;  
She gave them some broth without any bread,  
And whip't them all soundly and sent them  
to bed.

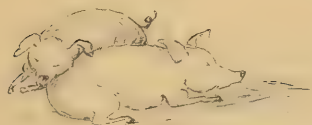






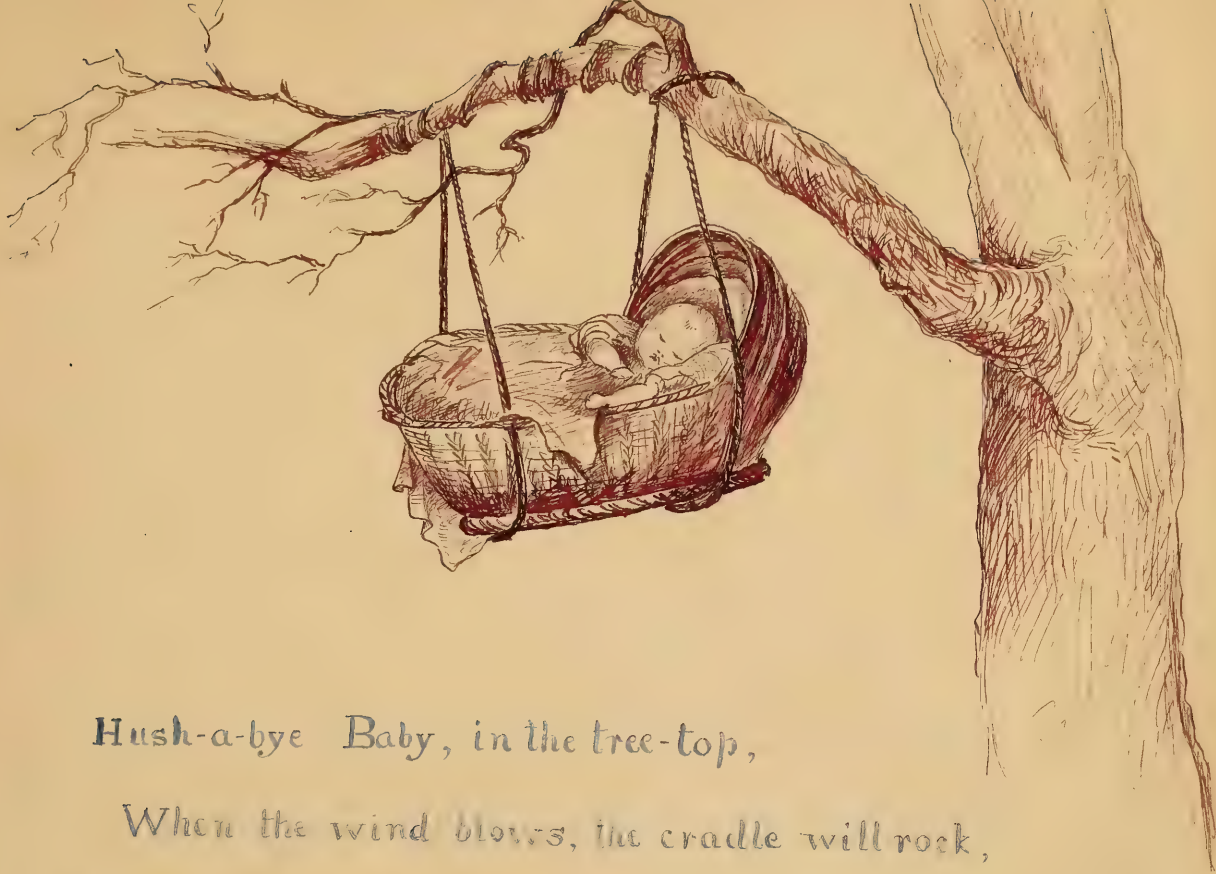
Song set to the five fingers.

- I. "This little pig went to market.
- II. This little pig stayed at home.
- III. This little pig had good bread and butter.
- IV. This little pig had none.
- v. This little pig cried, "Wee, Wee, Wee,"  
"I can't find my way home!"









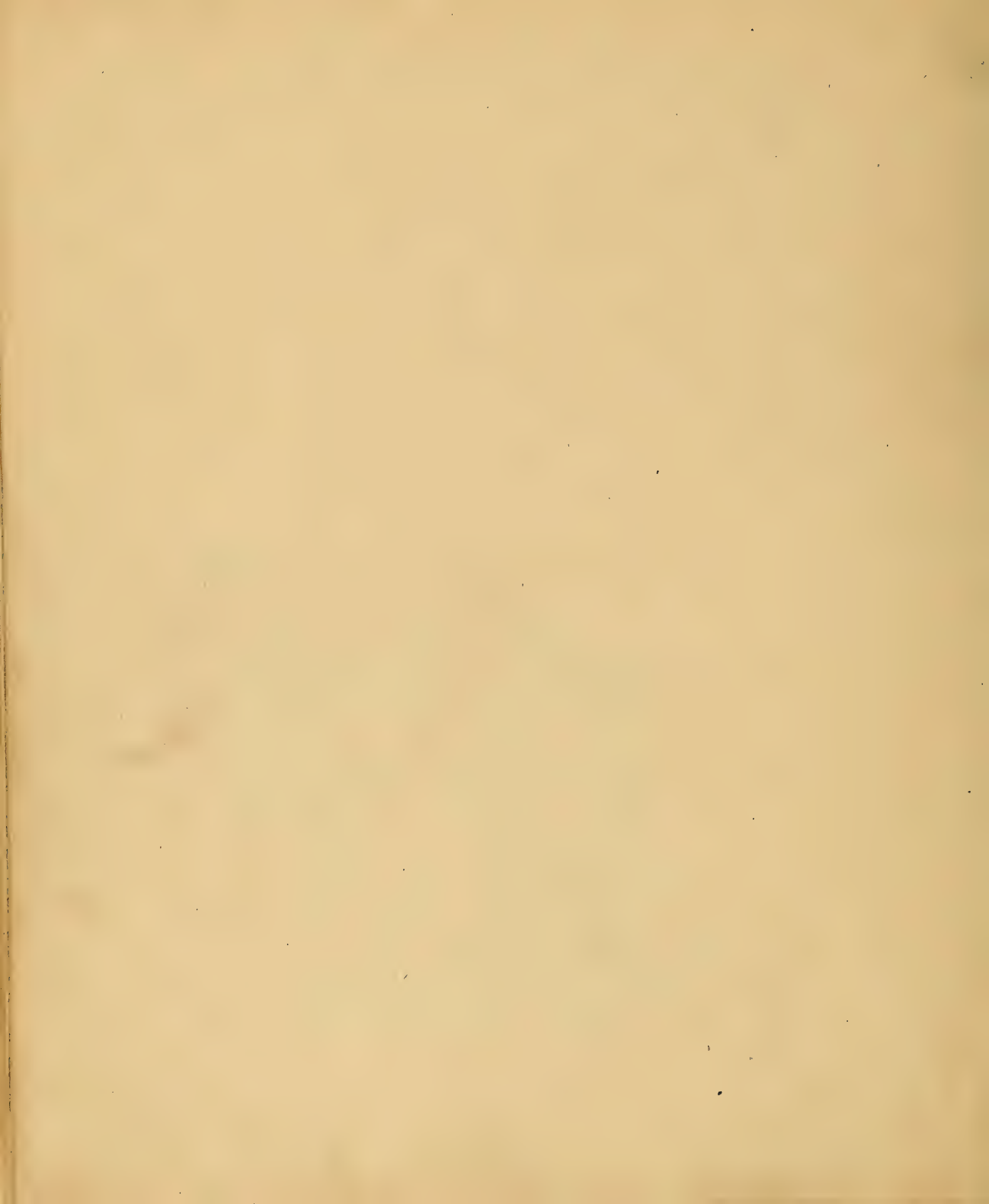
Hush-a-bye Baby, in the tree-top,  
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock,  
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall.  
Down will come Baby and cradle  
and all.





" Goosey Goosey Gander !  
Whither would you wander,  
Upstairs , downstairs,  
And in My Lady's chamber ! "







There were two blackbirds,  
Sitting on a rail;  
One called Jack,  
The other called Jill.

Fly away Jack!  
Fly away Jill!  
Come again Jack!  
Come again Jill!



The Fox jump'd up on a moonlight night,

The stars were shining and all was bright,

"Oh ho! said the fox, its a very fine night,

For me to go to the town, oh! "

The fox, when he came to yonder stile,

He lifted his ears, and he listen'd awhile,

"Oh ho! said the fox 'tis but a short mile,

For me to go to the town, oh!

The fox, when he came to the farmer's gate,

What should he see but the farmer's drake,

Oh! I love you well, for your masters sake,

And long to be picking your bones, oh!

The farmer's wife, she jump'd out of bed,

And out of the window, she popp'd her head,

"Oh! husband! husband! the old goose is dead!

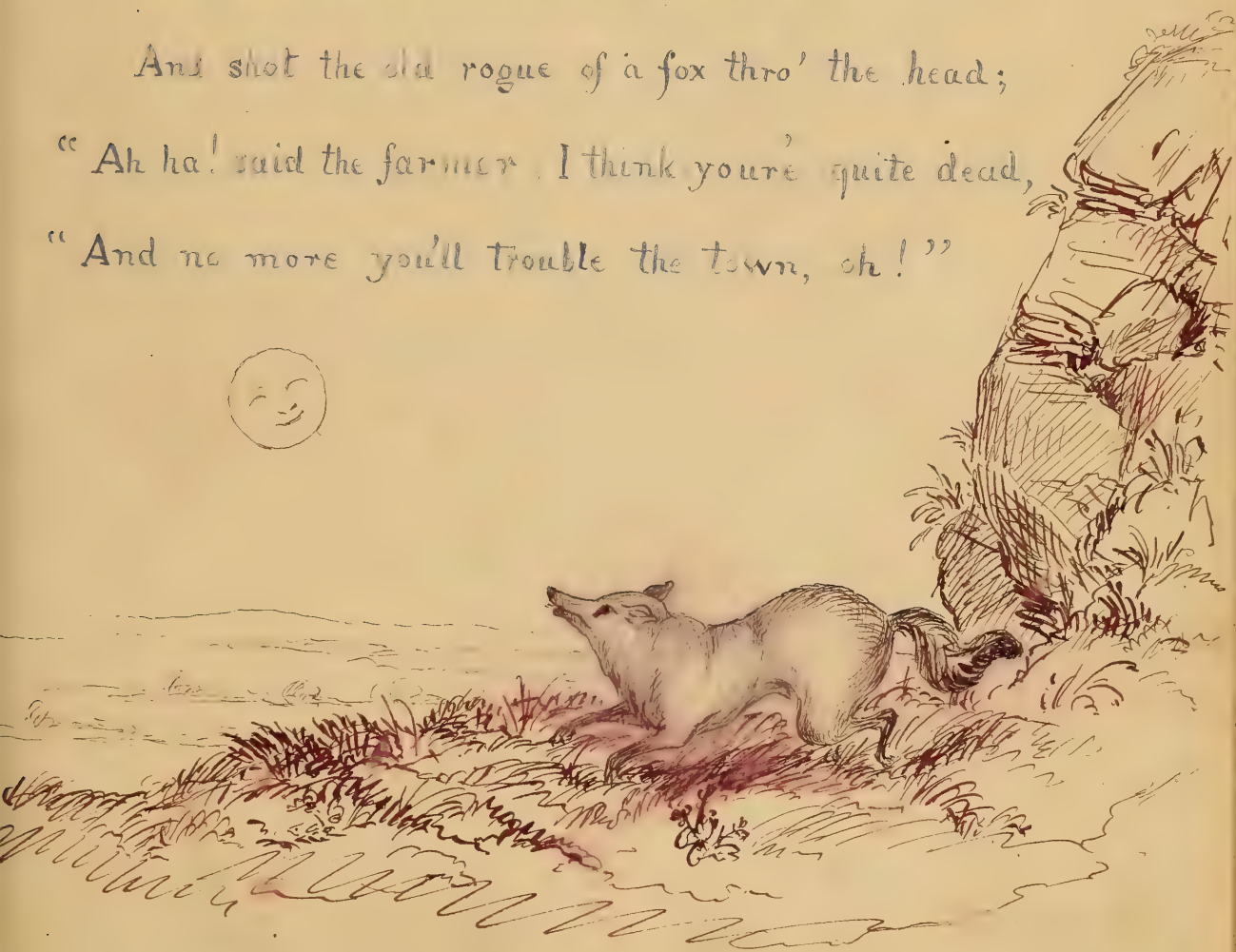
And the fox has been thro' the town, oh!"

The farmer loaded his pistol with lead,

And shot the old rogue of a fox thro' the head;

"Ah ha!" said the farmer, "I think you're quite dead,

"And no more you'll trouble the town, oh!"





There was an old woman, went up in a basket,

Ninety-times as high as the moon.

But whither she went nobody could tell.

And under her arm she carried a broom.



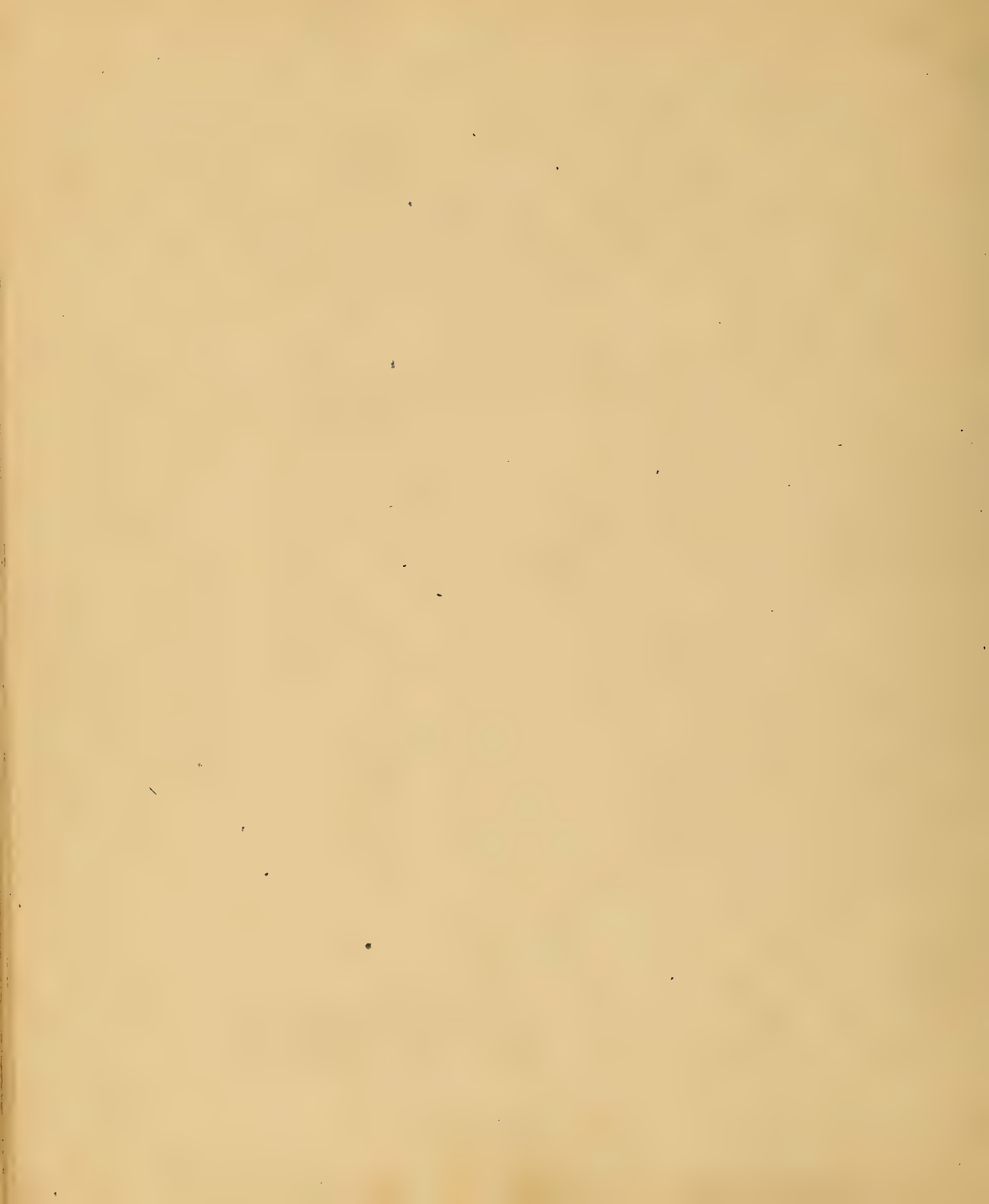


"Old woman, old woman, old woman, said I,

"Whither, oh whither, oh whither so high."

"To sweep the cobwebs off the sky;

"But I'll be with you bye and bye!"



Little Willie Winkie,  
Runs through the town,  
Upstairs and downstairs,  
In his nightgown .

Rapping at the window,  
Calling at the lock .

"Are the children all in bed,  
"For now 'tis eight o'clock?"





Sing song! merry go round!

Here we go up to the moon, oh!

Little Johnnie, a penny has found,

And so we'll sing a song, oh!

"What shall I buy?"

Johnny did cry,


"With the penny I've found,

So bright and so round "

"What shall you buy?"

A kite that will fly,

Up to the moon, all through the sky "



"But if when it gets there ,  
It should stay in the air ,  
Or the man in the moon ,  
Should open his door ,  
And take it in with his long, long paw,  
We should sing to another tune, oh!"



Gay go up , and gay go down ,  
To ring the Bells of London town!

" Halfpence and farthings,  
Say the bells of St Martin's .

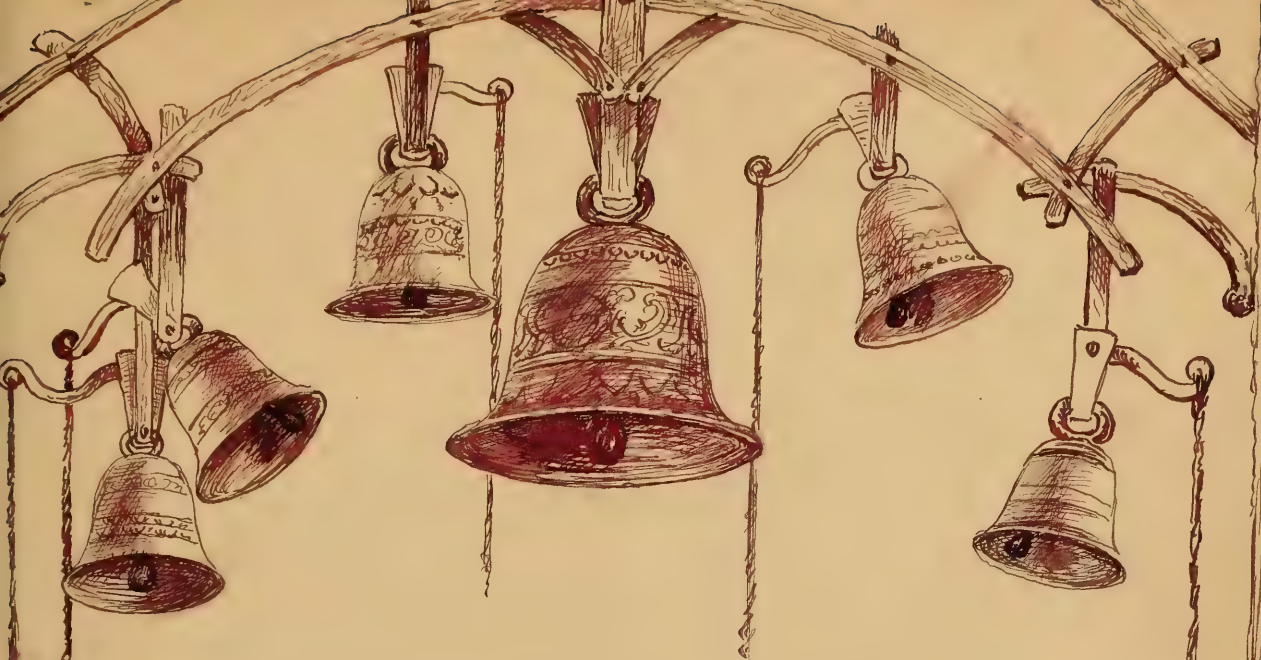
" Pancakes and fritters,  
Say the bells of St Peter's .

" Two sticks and an apple,  
Say the bells of Whitechapel .

" Kettles and pans,  
Say the bells of St Ann's .

" You owe me ten shillings,  
Say the bells of St Helen's .

" When will you pay me,  
Say the bells of Old Bailey.



" When I grow rich,  
Say the bells of Shoreditch.  
" Pray when will that be,  
Say the bells of Stepney..  
" I'm sure I don't know.  
Says the great Bell of Bow.



## The Miller's Song.

---

" When the wind blows !

Then the mill goes !

Our hearts are all light and merry.

When the wind drops,

Then the mill stops,

We drink and sing hey-down-derry! "



" Blow, Wind, blow !

And go, Mill, go !

That the miller may grind us some corn .

That the baker may take it ,

And into loaves bake it ,

And give us some hot in the morn ! "

Bye, Baby Bunting!

Daddy's gone a-hunting,

To fetch a little rabbit-skin.

To wrap the little Baby in.

Hush, my dear Baby!

father's a knight!

Mother's a lady, so pretty and bright!

The hills and the dales,

that from hence you

may see;

They all shall belong,

little darling,

to thee!







"Where are you going ?

my pretty maid ?"

"I'm going a-milking,  
sir!" she said.

"What is your fortune,  
my pretty maid ?"

"My face is my fortune, sir." she said.

"Then I wout marry you, my pretty maid ?"

"Nobody asked you, sir." she said :

"Little Maid! pretty maid!

Whither goest thou?"

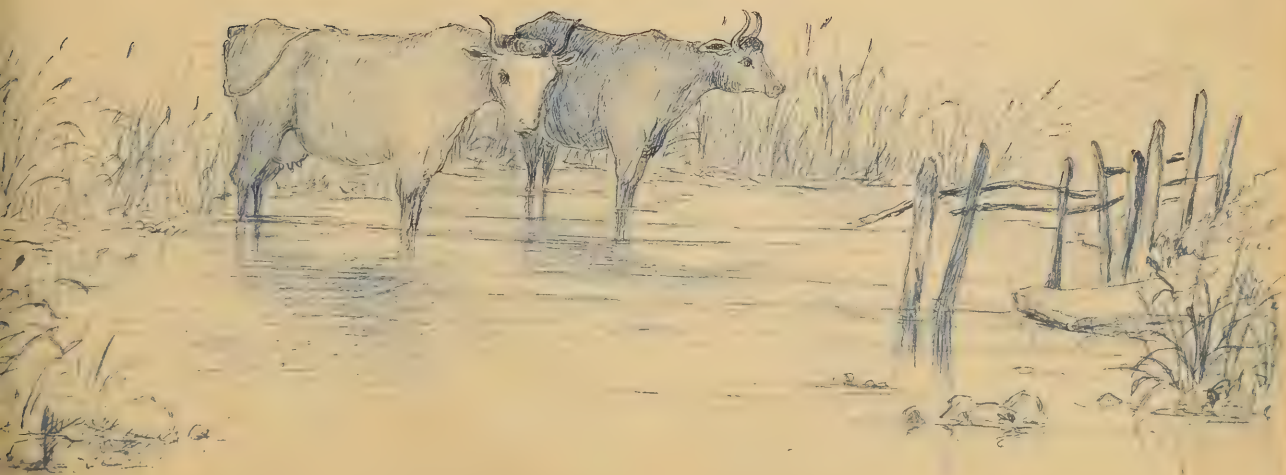
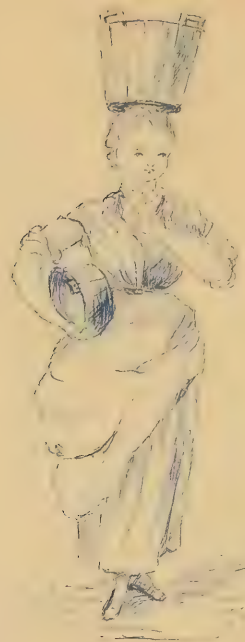
"Down to the meadow,

To milk my cow!"

"Shall I go with thee?"

"No! not now! When I send for thee,

Then come thou!"

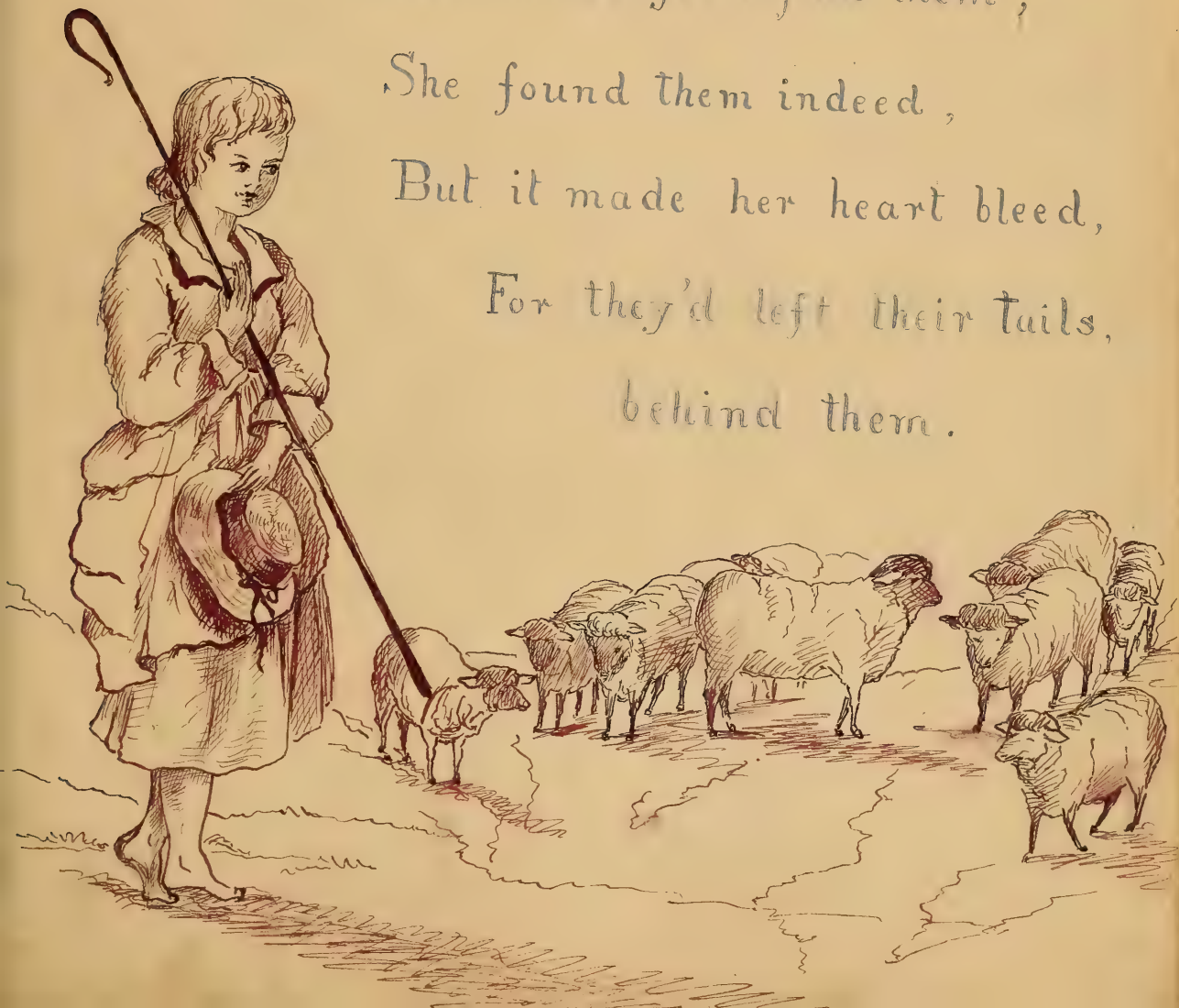


## Little Bo-Peep .

. Little Bo-Peep, she lost her sheep ,  
And couldn't tell where to find them ;  
Let them alone, and they'll come home,  
Bringing their tails behind them.

Little Bo-Peep, she went to sleep ,  
And dreamt she heard them bleating ;  
But when she awoke, she found it a joke ,  
For still they were all fleeting .

Then up she took her little crook,  
Determin'd for to find them,  
She found them indeed,  
But it made her heart bleed,  
For they'd left their tails,  
behind them.





Cock crows in the morn,

To tell us to rise;

And he who is late,

Will never be wise;

For early to bed,

And early to rise,

Is the way to be healthy,

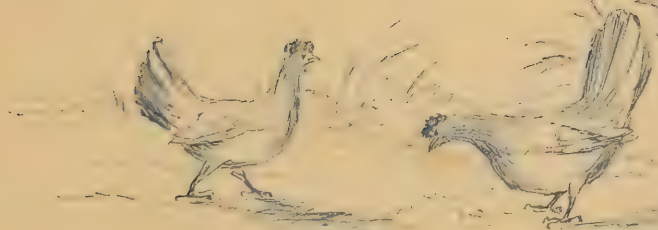
And wealthy and wise .

Cock-a-doodle - do !!!

My dame has lost her shoe!  
My master's lost his fiddling-stick,  
And doesn't know what to do!

Cock-a-doodle - do !!!

My dame has found her shoe!  
My master's found his fiddling-stick,  
And he will dance with you!



Three children sliding on the ice,  
All on a summer's day,  
As it fell out, they all fell in,  
The rest they ran away.



Now had these children been at home,  
Or sliding on' dry ground,  
Ten thousand pounds, to one penny,  
They had not all been drowned.

You parents all, that children have,  
And you that have got none,  
If you would have them safe abroad,  
Pray keep them safe at home.





## The merry Miller.

---

There was a merry Miller,

Who lived on the river Dee;

He sang so blithe from morn till night,

No lark so gay as he!

And the burden of his song,

For ever and aye shall be,

"I care for nobody, no! not I!

And nobody cares for me!"

"Pat-a-cake ! pat-a-cake !

Baker's man ! "

"Yes I will master,

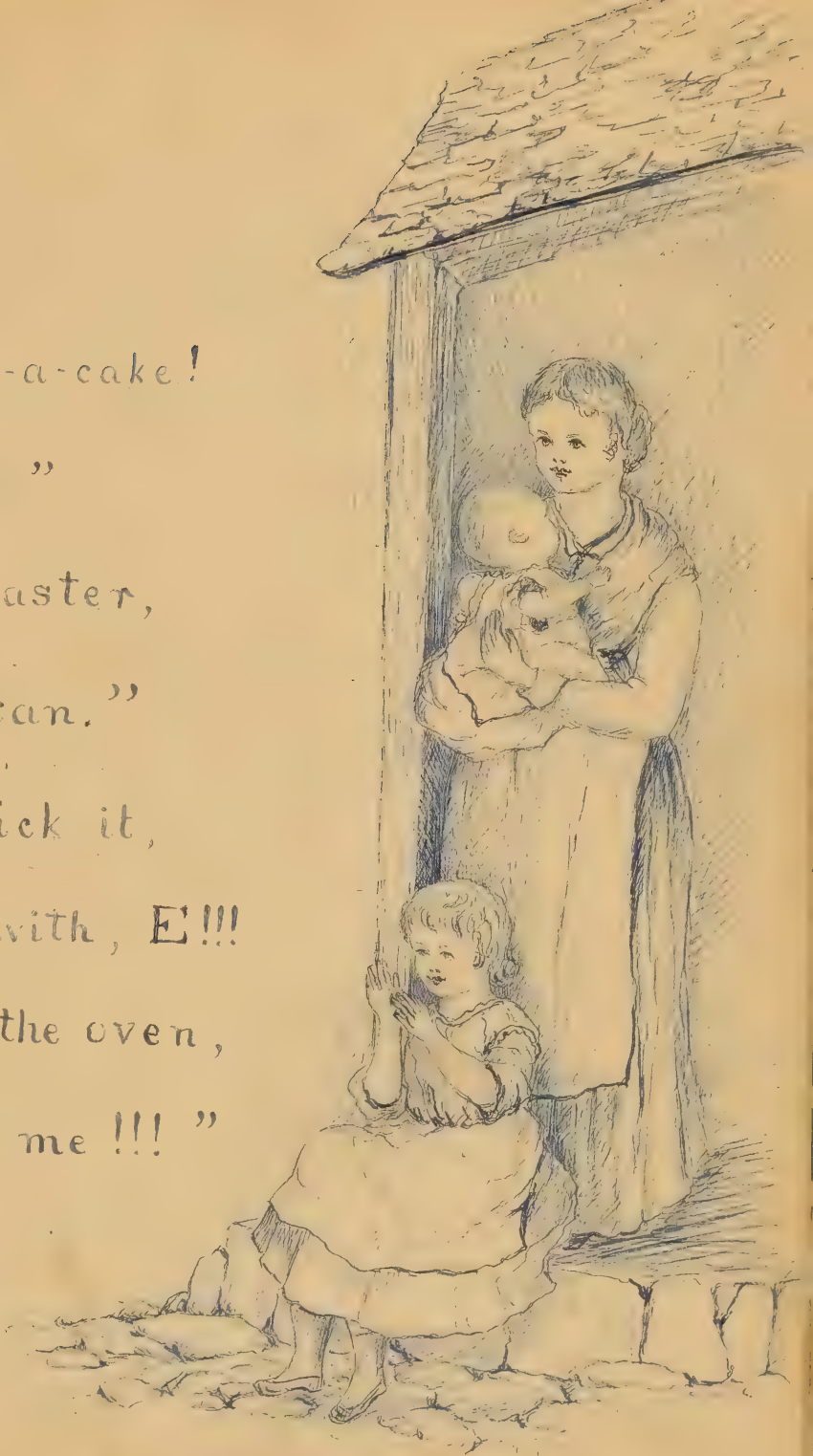
As fast as I can."

"Pat it, and prick it,

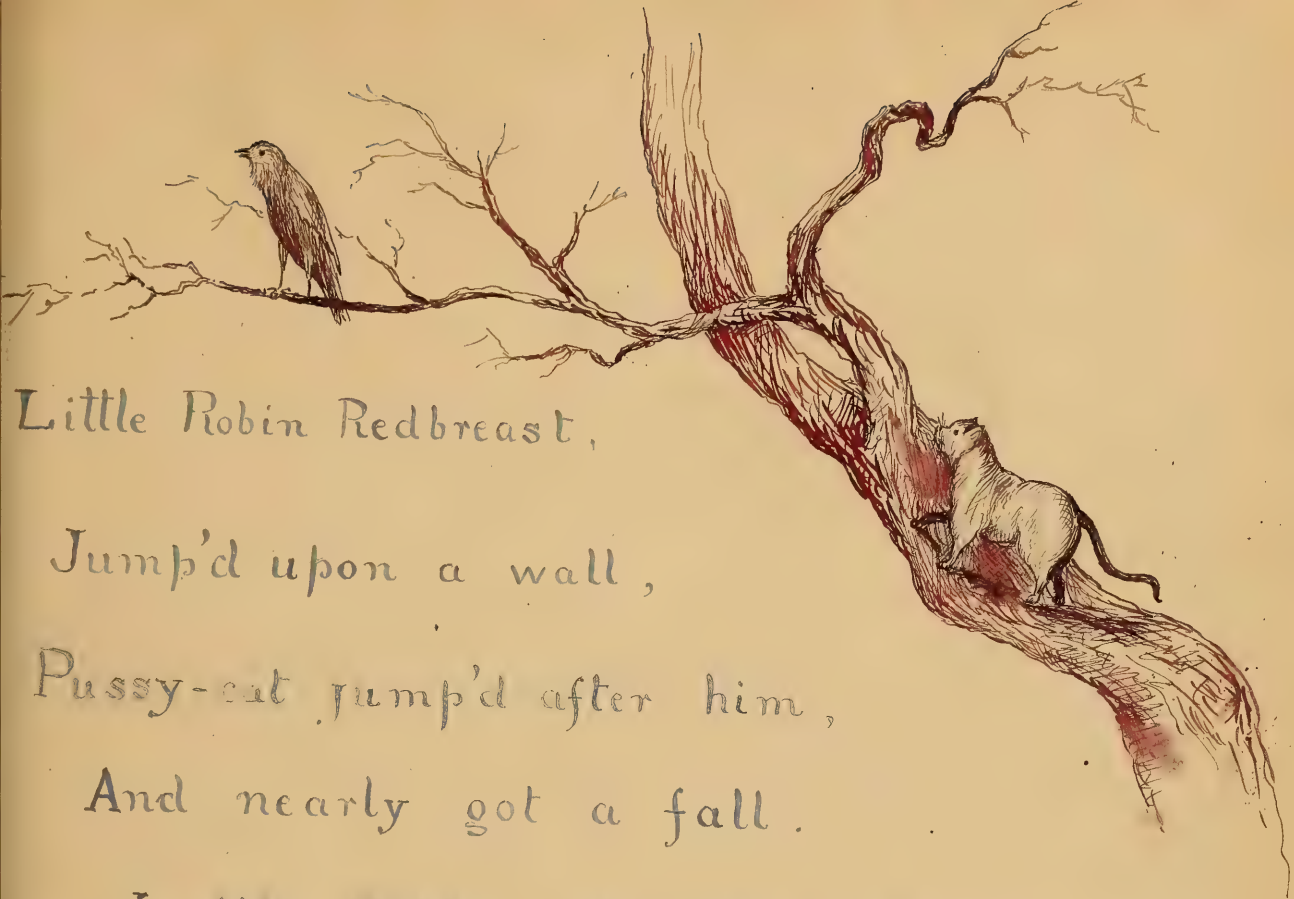
And mark it with, E!!!

And put it in the oven,

For Baby and me !!! "



Little Robin Redbreast,  
Sat upon a tree;  
Up went Pussy-cat,  
And down went he;  
Down came Pussy-cat,  
Away Bobby ran;  
Says little Robin Redbreast  
"Catch me if you can!"



Little Robin Redbreast,

Jump'd upon a wall,

Pussy-cat jump'd after him,

And nearly got a fall.

Little Bobby chirp'd and sang,

And what did Pussy say?

Pussy-cat said "Mew! Mew!"

And frighten'd Bob away.





Twinkle, twinkle little star!

How I wonder what you are!

Up above the world so high,

Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,

When he nothing shines upon,

Then you show your little light,

Twinkle, twinkle all the night.

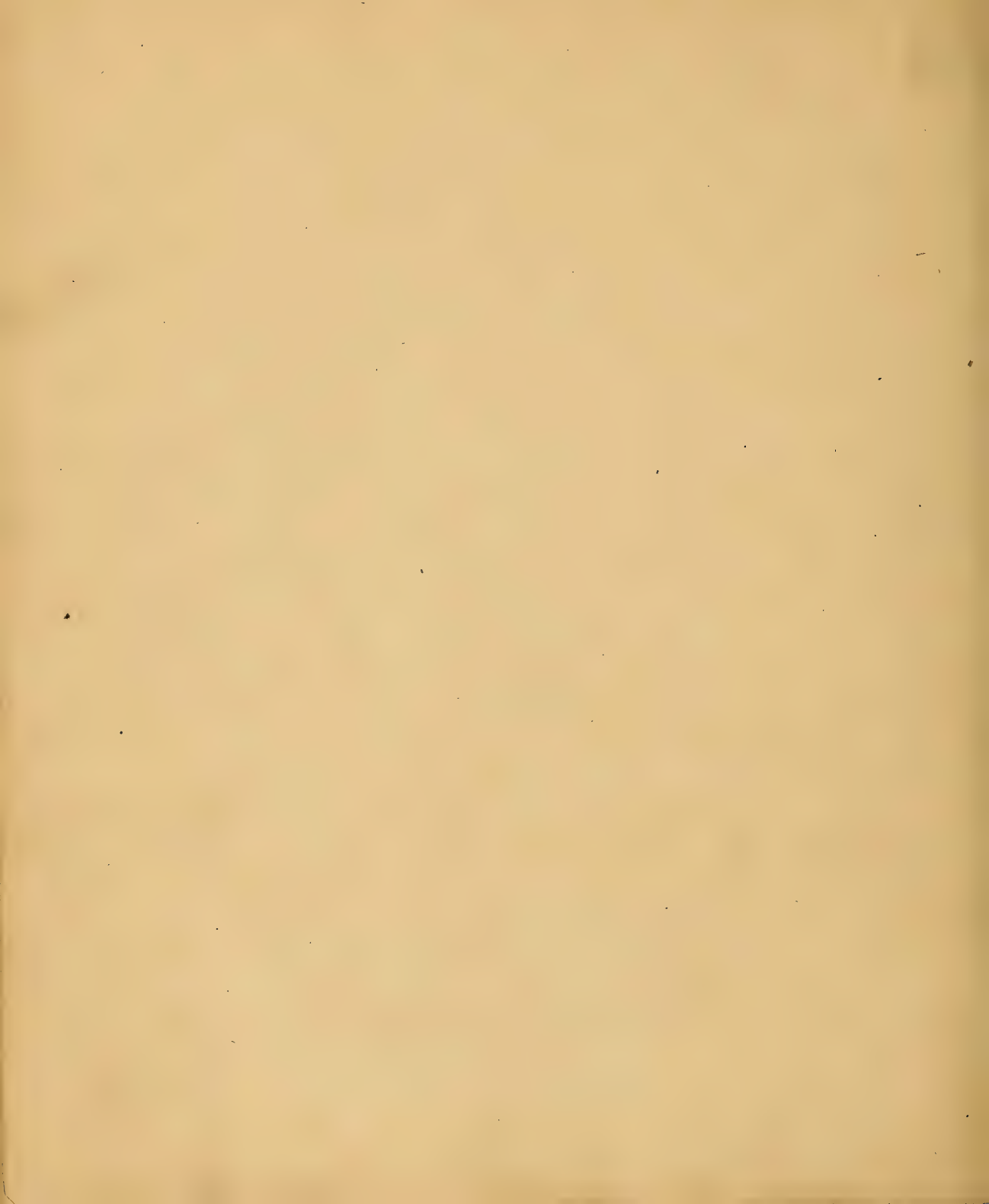
Then the traveller in the dark,

Thanks you for your tiny spark;

He could not see which way to go,

If you did not twinkle so.







Hark! Hark! the dogs do bark!

The beggars are coming to town.

Some in rags,

Some in jags,

And one in a velvet gown.





John Cook, he had a little grey mare !

He - haw - hum !!!

Her back stood up, and her bones were bare .

He - haw - hum !!!

John Cook was riding up Shooter's bank ;

He - haw - hum !!!

And there his nag, did kick and prank .

He - haw - hum !!!



John Cook was riding down

Shooters Hill ! He-haw-hum !!!

His nag fell down and made her will,

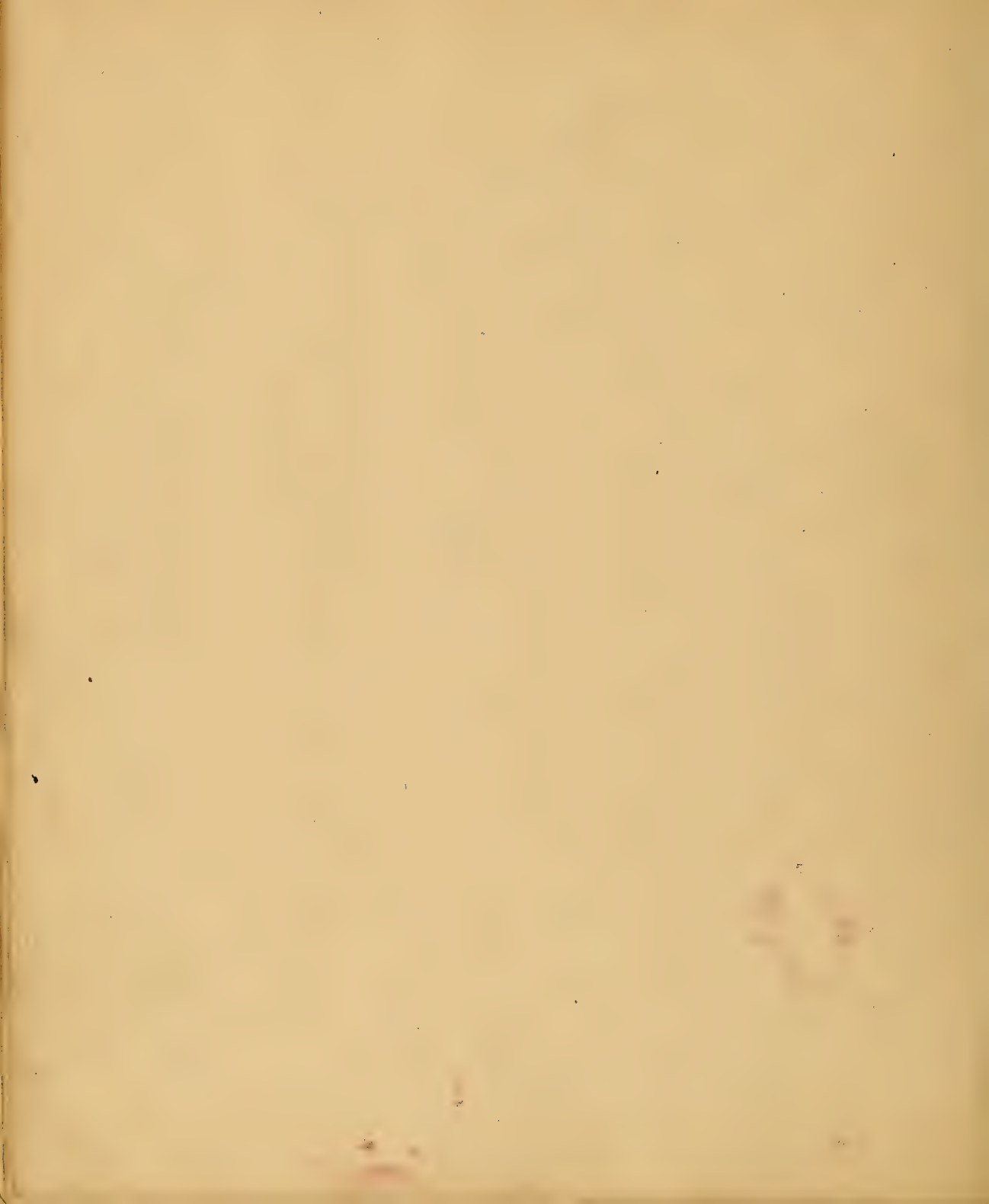
He-haw-hum !!!

The bridle and saddle were laid on the shelf.

He-haw-hum !!!

If you want any more, you must sing it yourself.

He-haw-hum !!!



" Willy-boy! Willy-boy! where are you going ?

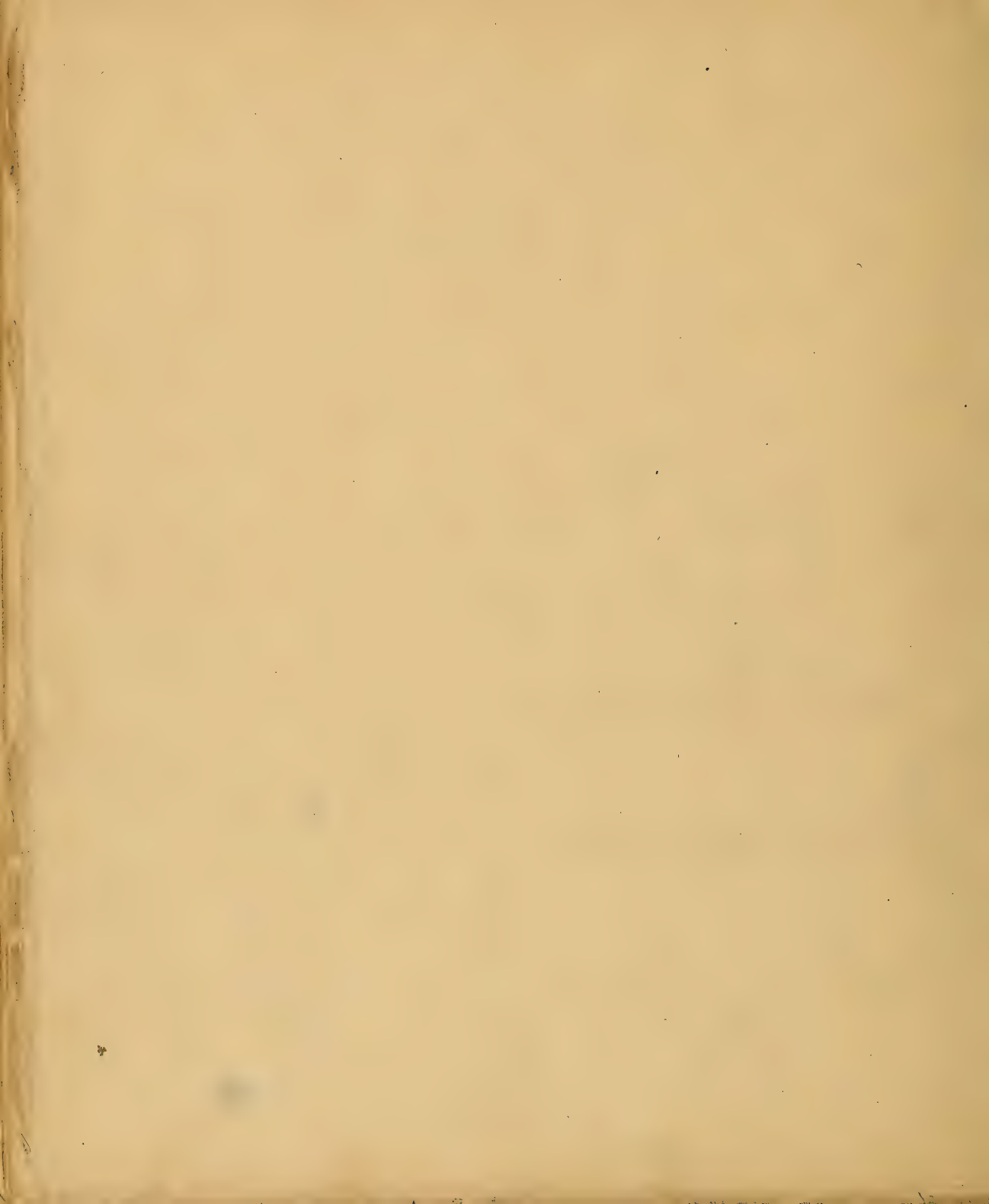
I will go with you, if that I may ! "

" I'm going to the hayfield, to see them a-mowing,

I'm going to help them to make the hay! "







"Baa! Baa! black Sheep, have you any wool?"

"Yes master, yes master, three bags full!

One for my master, one for my dame;

One for the little boy,

that lives in

the lane!"



My Dame.



My Master.

## The three Huntsmen.

There were three jovial huntsmen,

As I have heard them say;

And they would go a-hunting,

All on a summer's day.

All the day they hunted,

And nothing could they find,

Except a ship a sailing,

A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,

The other said "Nay!"

The third said it was a house,

With the chimneys blown away.



And all the night they hunted,

And nothing could they find,

Except the moon a-sailing,

A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was the moon,

The other said "Nay!"

The third said, it was a cheese,

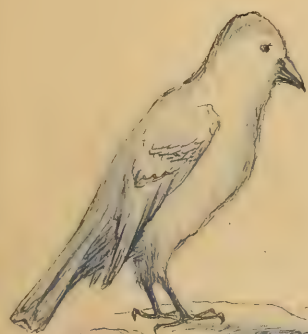
With the half of it cut away.





All of a row!

Bend the bow!



Shot at a pigeon!

And killed a crow!

As I went thro'

the garden gap,

Who should

I meet?

but Dick Redcap!



A stick in his hand,

A stone in his throat;

If you read me my riddle,

I'll give you a goat.

Ride a cock-horse! to Banbury Cross!

To see a fine lady ride on a grey horse.

Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.

She shall make music where-ever she goes!

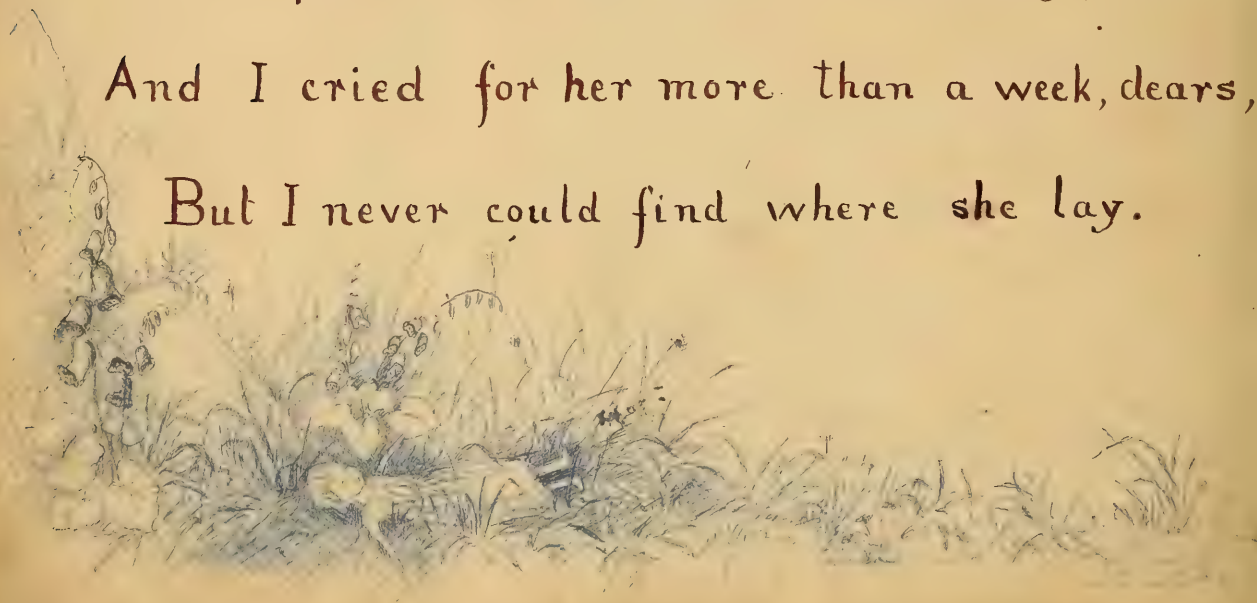




## The Doll that was lost.

---

" I once had a sweet little doll, dears,  
The prettiest doll in the world,  
Her face was so red and so white, dears,  
And her hair was so charmingly curled ;  
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,  
As I played in the heath one day ;  
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,  
But I never could find where she lay.



I found my poor little doll, dears,  
As I played in the heath  
one day;

Folks say she

is terribly spoiled, dears,

For her paint is all washed away,

And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,

And her hair not the least bit curled;

But for old sake's sake, she is still, dears,

The prettiest doll, in the world."













